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Original Poetry.

AIM HIGH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NEMO.

Aim High! Thy soul should never stoop
To things of trivial worth,
But plant its ensign in the clouds,
Above the grovelling earth!
The eagle, loftiest in his flight,
Would never sweep the sky,
If not from meaner things beneath,
He turned his gaze on high!

Work Hard! Evoke all latent might,
That may have slumbered long,
And arm thee for the fearful strife,
With Faith and Courage strong;
Then cast thyself upon the die
Thy heart has nobly chose,
And battle for the glorious meed,
'Gainst all that may oppose.

Never Give Up! The idle sneer,
The hand that thwarts thy way,
Will but secure to victory,
If late, a brighter day.
Genius will triumph most when crushed
Awhile by envious means,
It rises then to loftier deeds,
In far more noble scenes!

Independence, Pa., May, 1849.

EARLY SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. M. L. BURNSIDE.

The last clouds of the storm
Have flown like wild fowls to the distant sea;
And Spring is nestling down on field and tree
With welcome warm.

The earth has felt the glow;
The mandrake spreads its leaves towards the sun,
And the meek little flowers, one by one
Spring from below.

How Sabbath-like the air;
Soft winds, in eddies, fan the fevered brow,
And even the Spring's young leaves upon the bough
Seem stirred with prayer!

Ah! who would wish to die
When all is bathed in sunshine like a sea,
And singing birds, all life, are wandering free
Beneath the sky.

Pictures of Life.

STORY OF GRAZIELLA.

(CONCLUDED.)

FROM "CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES, OR, MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH,"

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS," "RAPHAEL," &c.

CHAPTER III.

I.

I no longer hesitated. I gave the frail door a blow with my shoulder, with all the strength which my uneasiness and my impatience could lend me; the lock gave way, and came off without resistance, and I rushed into the house.

The little lamp, which had been lighted before the Madonna by Graziella, gave out a feeble light. I flew to the extremity of the second chamber, from which I had heard the sound of her voice, and of her tall precent, and where I fancied she had fainted. She was not there. Her weakness alone had defeated her effort; she had fallen back on the heap of dry heather which served her for a bed, and was gazing at me with her hands clasped together. Her eyes, animated by fever, dilated with astonishment, and languid with love, shone fixedly like two stars, the light of which falls from the sky, and which seem to gaze at you from the depth of the wave.

Her head, which she endeavored to raise, fell back, from weakness, upon the leaves, bent backward, and as if broken by the blow of an axe. She was pale as death, except that upon each cheek burned a bright red spot. Her lovely skin was stained by the traces of tears, and by the dust which had clung to them. Her black robe was blended with the brown tint of the leaves scattered over the floor, and upon which she was reclining. Her naked feet, white as marble, projected in their whole extent beyond the heather, and reposed on the stone. A shudder ran through all her limbs and caused her teeth to chatter like the sound of castanets in the hands of a child. The red handkerchief which ordinarily enveloped the long black tresses of her beautiful hair, was unfastened and thrown like a half veil over her forehead, reaching down to her eyes. It was evident that she sought to conceal her features and her tears beneath its shade, as in the anticipated immobility of the winding-sheet, and that she had only lifted it on hearing my voice, and on assuming a sitting attitude before attempting to open the door.

II.

I threw myself on my knees by the side of the heather; I took her two icy hands between mine; I pressed them to my lips, to impart warmth to them by my breath; and a few tears fell from my eyes. I understood, from the convulsive pressure of her fingers, that she felt these rain drops of the heart, and that she thanked me. I took off my sailor's capote. I threw it over her naked feet. I wrapped them in its woollen folds.

She allowed me to do so; following me only with her eyes, with an expression of delirious rapture, but without power as yet to assist herself by the least movement, like a child which permits itself to be wrapped up and turned in its cradle. I then threw two or three faggots of brushwood upon the hearth, in the outer chamber, to warm the air a little. I kindled them by the flame of the lamp, and I returned to seat myself beside her bed of leaves.

"How happy I feel myself," said she, speaking very slowly, in a sweet, low and monotonous tone, as if her chest had lost at once all power of compass and inflection, and she had only retained a single note of her voice. "I have attempted in vain to conceal it from myself, I have attempted in vain to conceal it forever from you. I may die, but I cannot love another than yourself. They wish to give me a betrothed—it is you who are the betrothed of my soul! I will never give myself to another upon earth, for I have given myself in secret to you!—you upon earth, or God in heaven! It is the vow which I made the first day that I felt my heart sick for you. I know very well that I am but a poor girl; unworthy to touch your feet, even in thought. Therefore I do not ask you to love me. I shall never ask if you love me. But I love you, I love you, I love you!" And she seemed to concentrate her whole soul in these three words. "And now, despise me, mock me, trample me under your feet! Ridicule me, if you wish, as a mad woman who dreams in her rags that she is a queen. Make me the jest of all the world! Yes! I will tell it them with my own lips—'yes, I love him!' And if you had been in my place, you would have done like me—you would have died, or you would have loved him!'"

III.

I had kept my eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to raise them toward her, lest my look should express too much or too little for her delirious state. Nevertheless, at these words I raised my forehead which had been pressed to her hands, and I stammered out a few words.

She placed her fingers upon my lips. "Let me say all; now I am content; I have no longer any doubt, God has manifested His will. Listen—

"Yesterday, when I fled from the house, after having passed the whole night in struggling and weeping at your door; when I arrived here through the tempest, I came thinking I should never see you again, and like a dead person who walks of her own accord to the tomb, I intended on the morrow to become a nun, as soon as day should appear. When I arrived at night on the island, and proceeded to knock at the door of the convent, it was too late; the door was closed. They refused to open it for me. I came here to pass the night and to kiss the walls of my father's house before entering into the house of God, and into the tomb of my heart. I had written, by a child, to a friend of mine to come and seek me here to-morrow. I found the key, I lighted the lamp before the Madonna, I threw myself on my knees, and I made a vow—a last vow—a vow of hope even in my despair. For you will know, if ever you love, that there always remains one last ray of light in the depth of the soul, even when the possessor thinks that all have been extinguished. 'Holy Protectress!' said I, to her, 'send me some sign of my vocation, in order to assure me that love does not deceive me, and that I have truly devoted to God a life which ought to belong to him alone!

"'Here I commence my last night among the living. No one knows where I spend it. To-morrow, perhaps, they will come hither to seek me, when I shall be no longer here. If it is the friend to whom I have sent to apprise of my being here, who comes first, it will be a sign that I ought to accomplish my design, and I will follow her forever to the convent.

"'But if it be he who appears before her!—he who comes, guided by my good angel, to stay me on the brink of another life! Oh! then, it will be a sign that you do not want me, and that I ought to return with him and love him the remainder of my days!

"'Grant that it may be him!' I added; 'grant this one miracle more, if it be your will and that of God! To obtain it, I make you an offering, the only one which it is in my power to give you, I who have nothing. Here are my locks, my poor long tresses which he loves, and which he has so often untied to see them floating in the wind on my shoulders. Take them, I give them to you, I cut them off with my own hand, to prove that I reserve nothing to myself, and that my head submits beforehand to the scissors which would sever them off to-morrow, in separating me from the world.'"

At these words, she tore off with her left hand the handkerchief which covered her head, and taking in the other the long bunch of locks which she had cut off, and which she had placed beside her on her couch of leaves, she unrolled them and showed them to me. "The Madonna has accomplished the miracle," she resumed, in a stronger voice, and with accents of heartfelt joy; "she has sent you! I will go wheresoever you wish! My locks belong to her!—my life to you!"

I threw myself upon the severed tresses of her lovely, jet-black hair, which remained in my hands like a decayed branch broken from the tree. I covered them with silent kisses, I pressed them to my heart; I watered them with my tears, as if they had formed a part of myself which had died, and which I buried in the earth. Then, turning my eyes again towards her, I saw her charming head, which she raised, all despoiled of its covering, but as if adorned and embellished by the sacrifice, radiant with joy and with love in the midst of the black and irregular marks where her locks had been torn away rather than cut by the scissors.—She seemed to me like a mutilated statue of Youth, the grace and beauty of which the very mutilations of time only heighten by adding to them a sentiment of tenderness and admiration. This profanation of self, this suicide of her beauty for love of me, sent a pang to my heart which shook my whole being, and prostrated me on the earth with my forehead at her feet. I felt a presentiment of what it was to love, and I took this presentiment for love itself!

IV.

Alas! it was not love in its full extent; what I felt was but the shadow. But I was still too child-like and too artless not to deceive myself. I fancied I adored her, as so much innocence, beauty, and love deserved to be adored by a lover. I told her so with that tone of sincerity which springs from heartfelt emotion, and that concentrated passion which is strengthened by solitude, by night, by despair, and by tears. She believed it, because she felt the necessity of believing it in order to live and because she had, in her own soul, enough of passion to cover the want of it in a thousand other hearts.

The whole night was spent thus in the confiding, but artless and pure, intercourse of two beings who innocently reveal their mutual tenderness, and who wish that the silence and the night might be eternal, that nothing alien should come to interpose between their lips and their hearts. Her piety and my timid reserve, the very tenderness of our hearts, preserved us from every other danger. The veil of our tears was over us. There is nothing so far removed from voluptuousness as deep and tender emotion. To abuse such an intimacy would be to profane two souls.

I held her hands pressed in mine. I felt them once more warm with life. I hastened to seek some fresh water for her to drink from the hollow of my hand, or to sprinkle upon her forehead and her cheeks. I rekindled the fire by throwing some branches upon it; then I returned to seat myself on the stone floor, beside the myrtle branches on which her head reposed, and to listen again to the delightful confession of her love; how it had sprung up within her unconsciously, under the guise of the pure and gentle friendship of a sister; how she was at first ashamed, then reassured; by what sign she had at length known that she loved me; how many secret marks of preference she had given me without my knowing it; what day she feared she had betrayed herself; what other day she fancied she perceived that I returned her love; the hours, the gestures, the smiles, the words half spoken and then called back, the speaking looks or the involuntary clouds of our features during these six months. Her memory had preserved them all. She remembered them all, as the grass of the mountains of the South, to which the wind has set fire during the summer, preserves the impress of the burning wherever the flame has passed!

V.

She added to them those mysterious superstitions of feeling, which give a meaning and a value to the most insignificant circumstances. She raised, as it were, one by one before me, all the veils which had covered her soul. She displayed herself, as if to God, in all the openness, all the candor of the most child-like abandonment. The soul enjoys only once during life such moments as these, when it pours itself forth into another soul in that inexhaustible murmuring of the lips which are unable to express its loving emotions, and which end in confused and inarticulate sounds, like the kisses of a child who sinks to slumber.

I never was weary of listening, of shuddering and sighing by turns. Although my heart, too full of the lightness and sap of youth, was neither sufficiently ripe nor sufficiently fruitful, to give birth of itself to such burning and heavenly emotions, these emotions produced, in sinking into mine an impression so new and so delightful, that in beholding them I fancied I felt them. Alas! I was mistaken. I was the ice and she the fire. In reflecting it, I fancied I produced it. It matters not; these burning rays, thus reflected from one to the other, seemed to belong to us both, and to wrap us in an atmosphere of the same feelings.

VI.

Thus glided past that long winter's night. That night had, for her and me, the duration only of the first sigh which tells that we love. It seemed to us that, when the daylight appeared, it came to interrupt this word, scarcely yet pronounced.

Nevertheless, the sun was already high above the horizon, when his rays streamed between the closed shutters, and made the light of the lamp grow pale. At the moment when I opened the door, I saw the fisherman's whole family mounting with hasty step the staircase which led to the house.

The young son of Procida, Graziella's friend, to whom she had sent the message the evening before, confiding to her her design of entering the nunnery the following day, suspecting some disappointment of the heart, had sent one of her brothers at night-fall to Naples, to inform Graziella's parents of her resolution. Thus made acquainted with the discovery of their child, they had arrived in haste, all joyous and all repentant, to arrest her on the brink of her despair, and to bring her back with them free and pardoned.

The grandmother threw herself on her knees beside the bed, pushing before her the two little children whom she had brought with her to soften Graziella, and covering herself with their bodies as with a buckler against the reproaches of her granddaughter. The children threw themselves with cries and tears into the arms of their sister. In rising to caress them and to embrace her grandmother, the hankerchief which covered Graziella's head fell aside, and allowed it to be seen stripped of all its lovely covering. On seeing this outrage on her beauty, the meaning of which they all too well understood, a shudder seized them. Sobs burst forth anew through the house. The nun, who just then entered, calmed and consoled the family; she picked up the tresses severed from the forehead of Graziella, she pressed them to the image of the Madonna, then folding them in a handkerchief of white silk, she placed them in the grandmother's apron. "Keep them," said she to her, "to show them to her, from time to time, in her days of happiness or of suffering, to remind her, when she belongs to him whom she loves, that the first fruits of the heart belong to God as the first fruits of her beauty belong to Him in these locks."

VII.

In the evening we all returned together to Naples. The zeal which I had shown to discover and save Graziella on the occasion, redoubled the affection which the old woman and the fisherman entertained for me. None of them suspected the nature of the interest I took in her, nor her attachment for me. They attributed all to the repugnance she felt for Cecho's deformity. They hoped to conquer this repugnance by reason and by time. They promised Graziella not to press her further on the subject of the marriage. Cecho himself begged his father not to speak more of it, and by his humility, his attitude and his looks, he asked pardon of his cousin for having been the occasion of giving her pain. Calm once more established itself in the household.

Nothing now threw a shadow on Graziella's countenance, nor a cloud on my happiness, except the thought that this happiness would be sooner or later interrupted by my return to my own country. When any one chanced to pronounce the name of France, the poor girl grew pale, as if she had seen a phantom of death. One day, on entering my chamber, I found all my town garments torn in pieces and scattered on the floor. "Forgive me," said Graziella, throwing herself upon her knees at my feet, and raising toward me her agitated countenance, "it is I who was the cause of this misfortune. Oh, do not scold me! Every thing which reminds me that you must one day leave off this sailor's dress, makes me too unhappy! It seems to me that you will strip yourself of your present heart, and take another, when you assume the dress you used to wear."

Except these little storms, which proceeded only from the warmth of her tenderness, and which were soon appeased by a few tears mutually shed, three months glided past thus in an imaginary felicity which the least reality, in touching us must dissolve. Our Eden was built on a cloud.

It was thus that I first learned to love, by a tear in the eyes of the child.

VIII.

One evening toward the close of the month of May, there was heard a violent knocking at the door. All the family were asleep. I proceeded to open it. It was my friend V———. "I am come to summon you," said he. "Here is a letter from your mother. You must not refuse to obey it.—The horses are ordered for midnight. It is now 11 o'clock. Let us set out now, or you will never set out. You will obey, if you would not kill your mother. You know how your family make her responsible for all your faults. She has sacrificed much for you; sacrifice yourself for a moment for her. I swear to you that I will return here with you to spend the winter, and a whole long year in addition. But your presence is now necessary in your family, and your obedience is peremptorily demanded." I felt that I was lost.

"Wait for me here," said I.

I returned to my chamber, I threw my clothes hastily into my valise, I wrote to Graziella, I said to her all that the tenderness of a heart of twenty could prompt, and placed before her all that reason demanded from a son devoted to his mother. I swore to her, as I swore to myself, that before the fourth month had elapsed I should be by her side once more, and that I should hardly ever leave her again. I confided the uncertain events of our future destiny to Providence and to love. I left her my purse to assist her aged parents during my absence. The letter closed, I approached her chamber with stealthy steps. I threw myself upon my knees on the threshold of the door. I kissed the stone and the wood—I slipped the note into her room beneath the door, devoured as I did so by sobs which almost choked me.

My friend passed his arm beneath mine, lifted me up, and drew me after him. At that moment Graziella, whom the unusual noise had doubtless alarmed, opened the door. The moon lighted up the terrace with its beams. The poor child recognized my friend. She saw the servant carrying my valise upon his shoulder. She held out her arms, uttered a cry of terror, and fell lifeless upon the terrace.

We rushed toward her. We carried her, lifeless as she was, and laid her on the bed. All the family hastened in. We sprinkled some water on her face, we called her in all those voices which were most dear to her. She only recovered her senses at mine. "You see," said my friend to me, "she lives; the blow is struck. Any more lengthened adieus would only render the shock more terrible." He unfastened the two ice cold arms of the young girl from around my neck, and he tore me from the house. An hour afterward we were rolling amidst the silence of night upon the road leading to Rome.

IX.

I had left several addresses in the letter which I had written to Graziella. I found the first letter from her at Milan. She told me that she was well in body, but sick at heart; that, nevertheless, she confided in my word, and expected me with certainty in the month of November.

When I reached Lyons, I found a second letter, even more serene and trusting than the first. This letter contained some leaves of the red carnation which grew in an earthen vase upon the little parapet wall of the terrace beside my chamber, and the flowers of which she was wont to place in her hair on Sundays. Was it to send me something which had touched her? Or was it a tender reproach, masked under a symbol, to recall to my mind the sacrifice which she had made of her locks for my sake?

She told me that "she had had the fever, that her heart was ill, but that she was growing better every day; that they had sent her, for change of air, and to bring about her complete recovery, to the house of one of her cousins, a sister of Cecho's, who occupied a cottage at Vomero, a lofty and healthful hill which overlooks Naples."

I remained nearly five months without receiving any further letters. I thought every day of Graziella. I was to set out again for Italy at the commencement of the approaching winter. Her sorrowful and charming image was ever present to me like a regret, and sometimes, also, like a tender reproach. I was at that ungrateful age when the levity of youth, and the force of imitation, unite to make a young man ashamed of his best feelings; a cruel age, in which the first gifts of God, pure love and artless affection, fall upon the barren sand, and are carried away by the breath of the wind. The ill-natured vanity and irony of my friends often combated within me this ever-living tenderness which existed in the depths of my heart. I dared not have confessed without blushing, and without exposing myself to ridicule, the name and the condition of the object of my regrets and my melancholy. Graziella was not forgotten, but she was shut out from my existence by a thick veil of worldliness. This love which enchanted my heart humiliated my worldly pride. Her memory, which I cherished alone and in solitude, pursued me in the world almost like a remorse. How I blush now for having blushed then! And how far does a single one of these rays of joy, or a single tear drop from her chaste eyes, exceed in value all those looks, all those railleries, and all those smiles to which I sacrificed her image! Ah! man when young is incapable of loving! He knows the value of nothing! He recognises true happiness only after it is lost to him forever! There is more boiling sap and more floating shadow in the young plants of the forest; there is more fire in the old heart of oak!

True love is the ripened fruit of life. At twenty, man does not know it—he imagines it. In the vegetable world, when the fruit appears the leaf falls; it is thus also, perhaps, in human nature. I have frequently thought so since I have seen my locks whiten upon my brow. I reproach myself with not having known then the value of this flower of love. I was nothing but vanity. Vanity is the most cruel of the vices, for it makes its victims blush for their very happiness.

X.

One evening toward the commencement of November, I found, on returning from a ball, a letter and a packet which a traveller on his way from Naples had brought for me, and left while changing horses at Macon. In his note the unknown traveller said that he had been charged with an important message for me by one of his friends, the director of a coral manufactory at Naples, and that he acquitted himself in passing of his commission; but, as the news which he brought me was sad and funereal, he should not request to see me; he merely begged of me to acknowledge the receipt of the packet to him at Paris.

I opened the packet with a trembling hand. It inclosed under the outer envelope a last letter from Graziella, which contained only these words:—"The doctor says that I shall die before three days. I wish to bid you adieu before I have lost my strength. Oh, if you were here, I should still live! But, it is the will of God. I shall speak to you soon and always from the height of the skies. Love my spirit! It will be beside you all your life. I bequeath to you my locks cut off one night for you. Consecrate them to God in some chapel of your country, that something that belonged to me may be ever near you!"

I remained stunned and motionless, her letter in my hands, until morning. It was not till then that I had strength to open the second envelope. All her beautiful tresses were there, such as they appeared on the night she had shown them to me in the cabin. They had still adhering to them some leaves of the heather which had become mingled with them there on that night. I did what she had commanded me in her last wish. The shadow of her death, from that hour, threw a cloud over my countenance and my youth.

Twelve years later, I returned to Naples. I sought for some traces of her. There were none either at Margellina or at Procida. The little house on the steep shore of the island had fallen into ruins. It presented to the eye only a heap of gray rubbish, from the summit of which the goat-herds watched their flocks during the rains. Time quickly effaces every object from the face of the earth; but time can never efface the traces of a first love from the heart which has experienced it.

Poor Graziella! Many days have passed away since those days. I have loved, I have been loved. Other rays of beauty and tenderness have shed their light over my gloomy path; other hearts have opened to reveal to me the most mysterious treasures of beauty, of holiness, and of purity into which God has breathed life on earth, in order that we may comprehend, look forward to, and long for heaven! But nothing has ever sullied thy first image in my heart. The longer I have lived, the more closely have I approached thee in thought.—Every remembrance of thee is like one of those fires gleaming from thy father's bark, which distance divests of all its smoke, and which shines out the brighter the farther it is removed from us. I know not where thy mortal remains repose; I know not if any one still weeps over them in thy native land; but thy true sepulchre is in my soul. It is there that they are garnered up and entombed entire. Thy name never strikes on my ear in vain. I love the language in which it is uttered. There are in the depths of my heart warm tears, which well up drop by drop, and fall in secret upon thy memory to refresh it and to embalm it in my breast.

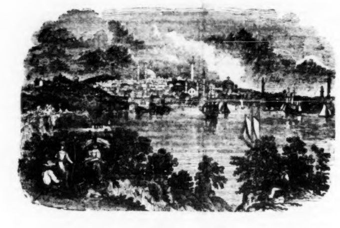
XI.

One day in the year 1830, on entering a church in Paris in the evening, I saw the coffin of a young girl carried in, covered with a white pall.—The coffin recalled Graziella to my mind. I concealed myself in the shadow of a pillar. I thought of Procida, and I wept long and bitterly.

At last my tears dried up; but the clouds which had overshadowed my thoughts during this sad funeral scene, did not vanish. I returned in silence to my chamber. I retraced the recollections which are contained in this lengthened episode, and I wrote in a single breath, and moistening them with my tears, the verses entitled "The First Regret." They are the echo, weakened by the lapse of twenty years of a feeling which awakened the first outpourings of my heart. In them is wanting only the name of Graziella. I would enshrine it in all the graces of poetry, if there existed here below a crystal pure enough to inclose that tear, that memory, that regret.

It is thus that I expiated by my tears the hardness and ingratitude of my heart at nineteen. I can never read over these verses without adoring that fresh image, ever borne to my soul on the transparent and murmuring waves of the Gulf of Naples, and without hating myself. But souls pardon in a better world. Hers has forgiven me. Forgive me, also, reader! I have wept.

Gallery of American Cities.



BALTIMORE.

The city of Baltimore is pleasantly situated on a bay which sets up from the North side of the Patapsco River, on gently uneven ground, which gives it a fine drainage, and affords many handsome sites for dwellings, with commanding elevations on the North and East. As laid out, it includes four miles square, but the part compactly built extends about two miles in length from East to West, and a mile and a half from North to South. The number of elevations and depressions exceeds fifty, and the highest of the former, on which the Washington Monument is placed, exceeds 150 feet above the harbor. The streets are regularly laid out, generally crossing each other at right angles, and are of ample width, being from 50 to 100 feet wide. The streets are paved in the centre, and the side walks are generally laid with red brick, in a diagonal interlacing. The North end of the town is the fashionable quarter, in the vicinity of Washington Monument; and the principal promenade is Baltimore Street, 80 feet wide, two miles in length from East to West through the centre of the city. It curves a little on the East side of Jones's Fall, a [illegible]

Life on the Frontier.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

A True Story of Texas Border Life.

BY C. W. WEBBER, AUTHOR OF OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE.

My word for it, reader, I should never have ventured to construct a professed romance out of incidents so wild and strange as those of this narrative. It is only with the hope that you will accept in good faith the assurance given in the same spirit, that these things *really did occur*, while I was in the country, and most of them within my personal knowledge—that I venture to relate them at all. Remember, the scene is laid in a frontier county of Texas, and if you have even a remote conception of the history of that Republic, and the general character of its social elements, you will be prepared for a good deal. But, though you might even have visited its cities and older settlements, you would still find it difficult to realize all that is true of its frontier life, unless by extended travel and experience your faith should be fortified. When you can have to say, as I can, "what mine eyes have seen and ears heard"—on that ground alone you will be "fit audience, though few," to receive, as matters of course, relations which would doubtless, for the moment, shock others as monstrous in improbability, if not indeed impossibility. The man of high civilization will find great difficulty in understanding how such a deed as I am about to relate, requiring months to consummate should have been carried through in the open face of law and the local authorities—but the man who knows this frontier will tell him that the rifle and bowie knife are all the law and local authority recognized. Witness the answer President Houston gave when application was first made to him for his interposition with the civil force to quell the bloody "Regulator Wars" which afterwards sprang up in this very same county—"Fight it out among yourselves, and be d—d to you!" A speech entirely characteristic of the man and the country, as it then was! It was in the earlier stages of the organization of this same "Regulator" association that our story commences.

Shelby county, lying in Western Texas, on the border of the "Red Lands," was rather thinly settled in the early part of '39. What population it had, was generally the very worst caste of border life. The bad and desperate men who had been driven over our frontier formed a rallying ground and head quarters here—seemingly with the determination to hold the county good against the intrusion of all honest persons, and as a sort of "Alsatia" of the West, for the protection of outlaws and villains of every grade. And, indeed, to such an extent had this proscription been carried, that it had become notoriously as much as a man's life or conscience was worth who settled among them with any worthy purpose in view, for he must either fall into their confederacy—leave—or die! This was perfectly understood; and the objects of this confederacy may be readily appreciated, when it is known that every now and then a party of men would sally out from this settlement, painted and equipped like Camanches, with the view of carrying off the horses, plundering or murdering some marked man of a neighboring county; then returning with great speed, they would divide their plunder, resume their accustomed appearance, and defy pursuit or investigation. Not only did they band together for their operations in this way, but a single man would carry off a fine horse or commit a murder with the most open audacity, and if he only succeeded in escaping here, was publicly protected. I do not mean to have it understood that the whole population at this time were men of such stamp avowedly.

There were some few whose wealth to a degree protected them in the observances of a more seemly life—though they were compelled to at least wink at the doings of their ruffianly and more numerous neighbors: while there was yet another, but not large class of sturdy, straightforward emigrants who attracted solely by the beauty of the country, had come into it settled themselves down wherever they took a fancy,—with characteristic recklessness, neither caring or inquiring who were their neighbors, but trusting in their own stout arms and hearts to keep a footing. Of course all such were very soon engaged in desperate feuds with the horse thieves and plunderers around them; and as they were not yet strong enough to make head efficiently—were one after another finally ousted or shot. It was to exterminate this honest class, that the more lawless and brutal of the others associated themselves and assumed the name of "Regulators." They numbered from eight to twelve—and under the organization of rangers, commanded by a beastly wretch named Hinch, they professed to undertake the task of *purifying* the county limits of all bad and suspicious characters, or, in other words, of all men who dared refuse to be as vile as they were,—or if they were, who chose to act independently of them and their schemes. This precious brotherhood soon became the scourge of all that region. Whenever an individual was unfortunate enough to make himself obnoxious to them whether by successful villainy, the proceeds of which he refused to share with them, or by the hateful contrast of the propriety of his course—he was forthwith surrounded—threatened—had his stock driven off or killed wantonly—and if these annoyances and hints were not suffi- [illegible]

power, and indeed never troubled himself about them one way or the other. He kept himself to himself, hunted incessantly, and nobody knew much about him. Jack had come of a "wild turkey breed," as the Western term is for a roving family; and though still a young man, had pushed on ahead of the settlement of two territories, and had at last followed the game towards the South, and finding it abundant in Shelby county, had stopped here, just as he would have stopped at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, had it been necessary to pursue it so far. He had never been in the habit of asking leave of any power where he should settle, and of course scarcely thought of the necessity of doing so now; but quietly set to work,—built himself a nice log cabin, as far off from every body as he could get. And the first thing that was known of him, he had his pretty young wife and two little ones snugly stowed away in it, and was slaying the deer and the bears right and left.

The honest brotherhood had made several attempts at feeling Jack's pulse and ascertaining his availability, but he had always seemed so impassively good natured and put them off so pleasantly, that they could find no ground for either disturbing or quarrelling with him. What was more, he was physically rather an ugly looking "customer," with his six feet four inches of brawn and bone, though the inclination, just discoverable in his figure, to corpulency, together with a broad, full, good humored face, gave an air of sluggishness to his energies, and an expression of easy simplicity to his temper, which offered neither invitation to gratuitous insult, nor provocation to dislike. He was the very impersonation of inoffensive, loyal honesty, slumbering on its conscious strength, and these men, without exactly knowing why, felt some little disinclination to waking him. He had evidently never been roused to a knowledge of himself, and others felt just as uncertain what that knowledge might bring forth as he did, and were not specially zealous of the honor of having it first tested upon their own persons. So that Jack Long might have been left for many a day in quiet, even in this formidable neighborhood, to cultivate his passion for marksmanship, at the expense of the dumb wild things around him, but for an unfortunate display he was accidentally induced to make of it.

Happening to fall short of ammunition, he went one day to the store for a fresh supply. This cabin, together with the blacksmith's shop, and one or two other huts, constituted the "county town," and as powder and liquor were only to be obtained there, it was the central resort of the Regulators. Jack found them all collected for a great shooting match, in preparation for which they were getting drunk as possible to steady their nerves. Hinch, the Regulator captain, had always been the hero of such occasions—for, in addition to his being a first-rate shot, it was known that it would be a dangerous exercise of skill for any man to beat him—for he was a furious and vindictive bully, and would not fail to make a personal affair of it with any one who should mortify his vanity by carrying off the prize from him. In addition, the band of scoundrels he commanded was entirely at his service in any extreme, so that they made fearful odds for a single man to contend with. Everybody else in the county was aware of this state of things but Jack Long, and he either didn't know or didn't care. After they had fired several rounds, he went lounging listlessly into the crowd which had gathered around the target, exclaiming in admiration over the last brilliant shot of Hinch, which was triumphantly the best. The bully was, as usual, blustering vehemently, taunting every one around him, and when he saw Jack looking very coolly at the famous shot, with no grain of that deferential admiration in his expression which was demanded, he snatched up the board, and thrusting it insultingly close to his face, roared out—

"Here! You Jack Long Shanks—look at that! Take a good look! Can you beat it?"

Jack drew back with a quiet laugh, and said, good-humoredly—

"Pshaw! You don't brag on such shootin' as that, do you?"

"Brag on it! I'd like to see such a moon-eyed chap as you beat it!"

"I don't know as I'd be very proud to beat such bunglin' work as that."

"You don't! don't you!" yelled the fellow, now fairly in a rage at Jack's coolness.—"You'll try it, won't you! You must try it! You shall try it, by Heaven! We'll see what sort of a swell you are!"

"Oh, well," said Jack, interrupting him as he was proceeding to rave for quantity,—"Just set up your board, if you want to see me put a ball through every hole you can make!"

Perfectly astounded at this rash bearding of the lion—for it was difficult to tell whether contempt or simplicity dictated Jack's manner—the men set up the board, while he walked back to the stand, and carelessly swinging his heavy rifle from his shoulder fired, seemingly, as quick as thought.—"It's a trick of mine," said he, moving towards the mark, as he lowered his gun; "I caught it from shootin' varmints in the eyes,—always takes 'em there. It's a notion I've got,—it's my fun." They all ran eagerly to the target, and sure enough his ball, which was larger than Hinch's, had passed through the same hole, widening it!

"He's a humbug! It's all accident! He can't do that again!" shouted the ruffian, turning pale, till his lips looked blue, as the board was held up. "I'll bet the ears of a buffalo calf against his, that he can't do it again!"

"If you mean by that to bet your own ears against mine, I'll take you up!" said Jack, laughing, while the men could not resist joining him.

Hinch glared around him with a fierce chafed look, before which those who knew him best quailed, and with compressed lips silently loaded his gun. A new target was put up, at which, after long and careful aim, he fired. The shot was a fine one. The edge of the ball had just passed the centre. Jack, after looking at it, quietly remarked—

"Plumbing out the centre is my fashion; I'll show you a kink or two, Captain Hinch, about the clear thing in shootin'. Give us another board there, boys!"

Another was set up, and after throwing out his gun on a level in the same rapid careless style as before, he fired; and when the eager crowd around the target announced that he had driven the centre cross clear out, he turned upon his heel, and with a pleasant nod to Hinch, started to walk off. The ruffian shouted hoarsely after him:—

"I thought you were a d—d coward! You've made two good shots by accident, and now you sneak off to brag that you've beat me. Come back, sir! You can't shoot before a muzzle half as true!"

Jack walked on, without noticing this mortal insult and challenge, while Hinch laughed tauntingly, long and loud—jeering with exulting bitterness, as long as he could make himself heard, as "a flash in the pan,"—"a dung-hill cock, who had spread his white feather," while the men who had been surprised into a profound respect for Long, and were now still more astonished at what they considered his "backing out," joined clamorously in hooting his retreat.

The fools! They made a fatal mistake, in supposing he left the insult unresented from any fear for himself. Jack Long had a young and pretty wife at home, and his love for her was stronger than his resentment for his own indignity. His passions were slow, and had never been fully roused—none of them at least but his love, and that presented her instantly, forlorn and deserted, with her little ones, in this wild country, should he throw away his life with such desperate odds; and seeing the turn the affair was likely to take he had prudently determined to get away before it had gone too far. But had any of those men seen the spasm of agony which shivered across his massive features, as these gibing voices rang upon his ears in insult which no proud free hunter might endure, they would have taken the hint to beware of chafing the silently foaming bear any longer.

This was an ill-starred day for Jack, though; from this time troubles began to thicken about him. The evil tenor of his simple, happy life was destroyed, and indignity and outrage followed each other fast. Hinch never forgave the unlucky skill which had robbed him of his proudest boast, that of being the best marksman on the frontier; and he swore, in base vindictive hate, to dog him to the death, or make him leave the country. Soon after this, a valuable horse, belonging to a rich and powerful planter, disappeared. He was one of those men who had compromised with the Regulators, paying so much black mail for exemption from their depredations, and protection against others of the same stamp; and he now applied to Hinch, for the recovery of his horse, and the punishment of the thief. This Hinch, under the contract, was bound to do, and promised to accomplish forthwith. He and some of his men went off on the trail of the missing horse, and returning next day, announced that they had followed it with all their skill through a great many windings, evidently intended to throw off pursuit, and had at last traced it to Jack Long's picket fence, and there could be no doubt but he was the thief!—The planter knew nothing of Jack, but that he was a new comer, and demanded that he should [illegible]

are all-powerful everywhere; and unsettled and elementary as was the condition of society here this ruffian leader of ruffians felt the necessity of acting under their sanction, though he himself had dictated it. He would and could have consummated his purpose without it; but the faint life of conscience within him—by a species of logic peculiar to itself—felt relieved of the grievous responsibility of such a crime, in the sense of participating with many others. Many a man has gone to the devil in a crowd, who would have been horrified at undertaking the journey alone.

It was the third day after this meeting. Jack, during all these persecutions, had deported himself with the most stolid indifference. Avoiding all intercourse with the settlers, he had continued to hunt with even more assiduity than usual, and was in a great measure ignorant of the unenviable notoriety he was enjoying. He had heard something of the charge with which his character had been assailed, but attributed them all to the jealous enmity he had incurred at the shooting match. He could understand perfectly how one man could hate another who had beat him in shooting and thought it natural enough; but he could not understand how that hatred might be meanly and desperately vindictive, and therefore gave himself no uneasiness about it. He was only anxious that his wife should not hear and be annoyed by any of these things, and preserved his usual cheerfulness of demeanor.

He had just returned from hunting, and laying aside his accoutrements, partook of the simple meal her neat housewifery had prepared for him; then stretching himself upon the buffalo robe on the floor, romped with his two rosy-cheeked boys, who rolled over his great body, and gamboled and screamed in riotous joy around him; but mother wanted some water from the branch, and the frolic must be given over while Jack would go and bring it. So jumping up, he left the little folk pouting wilfully as they looked after him from the door, and started. The stream was only about a hundred yards from the house, and the path leading to it was through a dense high thicket. It was against Jack's religion ever to leave his house without his gun; but his wife, whom he loved above all the universe of sentiment and every thing else, was in a hurry for the water, and the distance was so short—so he sprang gaily out with the vessel in his hand, leaving the rifle behind. The water had been dipped up, and he was returning along the narrow path closely bordered by brush, when he felt a light tap on each shoulder, and his career strangely impeded. He had just time to perceive that a lasso had been thrown over him, which would confine his arms, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded, and was rushed upon by a number of men. He instantly recognized the voice of Hinch, shouting "Down with him! Drag him down!" as the men who had hold of the lasso about his body, jerked at it violently in the effort to throw him. All his tremendous strength was put forth in one convulsive effort, which would have freed him, but that the infernal noose had fallen true, and bound his arms. As it was, he dragged the six stout men who held it after his frantic bounds nearly to his own door, before he was prostrated, and then it was by a heavy blow dealt him over the head with the but of a gun. The last objects which met his eyes as he sank down, were the horrified faces of his two children and wife looking out upon him!

The blow deprived him of his senses for some time, and when he recovered he found himself half stripped, and lashed to a tree a short distance from the house—Hinch in front of him, with a knotted rope in his hand, his wife on the ground wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty round the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and outside this group a circle of men with guns in their hands. That fearful awakening was a new birth to Jack Long! His eye took in everything at one glance. A shudder, like that of an oak rifting to its core, sprang along his nerves, and seemed to pass out at his feet and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as marble; and when the blows of the hideous mocking devil before him fell upon his white flesh, making it welt in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt them no more than the dead lintel of his door would have done; and the agony of that poor wife shrilling a frantic echo to every harsh clashing sound, seemed to have [illegible]

"Not when we know it. Why? What about crazy people? You look excited."

"Well, I think I've had enough to make me feel a little curious."

"What is it? What is it?" exclaimed everybody, eagerly.

"Why, I have met with either the Old Harry himself—a ghost—or a madman;—and which it is, I am confoundedly puzzled to tell!"

"Where? How?"

He threw himself into a chair, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and continued:—

"You know Stoner and myself, when we parted from you all this morning, took up the right-hand side of the bottom timber. Well, Stoner accompanied me to my 'stand,' where we parted; he to go on to his, and I have seen nothing of him since. Soon after he left me, a deer passed out—I shot at it—wounded it—and jumped on my horse to pursue it. The deer had staggered at my fire, but was not so badly wounded as I supposed, and led me off, until it suddenly occurred to me that I might get lost, and I reined up; but I soon found that this sober second thought had come too late, and that I was already out of my latitude. I wandered about nearly all day, though taking care not to go very far in one direction, before I came across anything which promised to set me right again. I at last came upon a wagon trail, and felt relieved, for I knew it must take me to some point where I could get information. The trail was narrow, leading through scrubby thickets; and I was riding along slowly, looking down in the hope of detecting the tracks of some of your horses, when the violent shying of my horse caused me to raise my eyes. And by George! it was enough to have 'stampeded' a regiment of horses! On the left of the trail stood a very tall skeleton-like figure, dressed in skins; one foot advanced, as if he had stopped in the act of stepping across it, and a long heavy gun, just swinging down to the level bearing on me. Of course, my heart leaped into my throat, and my flesh shrank and crept. Before I could think of raising my gun, my eyes met those of this strange figure, and such eyes! Surprise at their cold, unnatural expression, suspended my action; burning with a chill of singular brilliancy, in deep-sunken sockets, they looked as if they never had winked. Dwelling steadily upon my face for a moment, they seemed to be satisfied, and the gun was slowly thrown back upon his shoulders; and plucking at a long grisly beard, with an impatient gesture of his bony hands, the figure made a stride across the trail, and without speaking a word plunged into the thicket. I was so confounded by his curious dumb show, that he was nearly concealed in the brush before I found my tongue to shout to him to stop; but he kept on, and I lost sight of him in a moment, and whether he can talk at all or not, is more than I can tell!"

"Did you look at his feet, Henry?" interrupted one of the party. "I expect it was old—"

"Never mind what you expect—hear me out," he continued. "I followed the trail, which wound about, it seemed to me, towards all the points of the compass, for an hour or more; when at last it led me out into a prairie, which I thought I recognized. I stopped, and was looking around to make out the landmarks, when a horse with a saddle on burst from the woods behind me, and tore off across the prairie, as if he too had seen the devil."

"What color was he?" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices in a breath.

"He was too far off for me to distinguish more than that he was a dark horse—say about as mine. I could distinguish the pommel of the saddle and the stirrups flying!"

"Stoner's horse was a dark bay," was buzzed around the table in low tones, every one looking seriously in his neighbor's face.

"Yes!" said the Squire, raising and stepping uneasily to the window. "Stoner's horse was a good deal like yours; he must have got away from him, and that is what detains him. But then the nag was a very kind creature, and well trained. I wonder it should have behaved so!"

"Don't believe 'bay' would have done it, Squire," said one of the men. "Something's gone wrong, I think! Was the bridle down, Mr. Henry?"

"It was too far off for me to tell. I followed in the direction the horse took, and soon found myself [illegible]

The World Abroad.

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LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. IV.

SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE.

The lecturer had been asked about the origin of several names. Copenhagen signified the Haven of Merchants; and if a free port, it would be the first in Northern Europe. Stockholm denoted the Island of the Trunk of a Tree. It was founded by Beorger Yal, who had a dream, in which he was directed that wherever the trunk of a tree floating out of Lake Melar, should stop—that there he should found a city. On the following day he saw such a trunk floating from the Lake, and it stopped at a little island opposite to the place where Stockholm now stood. Hamburg was named from a small village, and Ham, a Missionary in the time of Charlemagne. The lecturer gave the names of most of the reigning Kings in the North of Europe. The climate of Russia was more severe than that of Norway. All the western coast of Europe had open winters—but in the extreme north of Russia, the mercury had gone down to 90° below zero. The Government of Russia had sent twenty-four men to Spitzbergen from Archangel to ascertain the degree of cold. Spitzbergen is in *latitude* 80°. Eight of the men died, and the sixteen returned and reported that the cold could not be borne—but that they thought that they could have borne it, had it not been for the darkness. Dr. B. had read letters in the summer in Sweden at midnight. But it was melancholy both at Stockholm and St Petersburg, to return home from a party at midnight, and see all the streets deserted. At the North Cape for two months, in the Summer, the sun does not go down at all—at Spitzbergen for four months—but then there is a corresponding darkness in the Winter. The sun rises above the horizon for fifteen minutes—then for ten minutes—then for five minutes—then only a little bit of the rim is seen—and then it is lost altogether for months. The effect is curious and remarkable to travellers from more Southern countries.

Switzerland and France are the greatest Republics in Europe. Switzerland has a population of about 2,250,000 in 22 Cantons. The Government is similar to ours before the present Constitution. The Southern part is mountainous—the Northern part not so mountainous, there being vallies or plains between. After ascending the mountains 3,000 feet, the oak, chestnut and walnut trees disappear, and pines only are seen—at 6,000 feet all the trees disappear, and only stunted shrubs and grass are seen—at 7,000 feet there is no shrub, no grass, nothing but masses of rock—at 8,000 there is the snow line. Mount Blanc is 16,000 feet high—and nearly 9,000 feet is a mass of snow, except where the rocks rise like needles, and the snow will not rest. The different Cantons were traced out on a superb map, and the ridges of mountains described. Also the lakes and roads—some of which were very rugged and steep. On the borders of Lake Lucerne, near Altorf, a monument has been erected to William Tell, where he slew Gessler, the Austrian Governor. The zigzag roads up the mountains have a singular and interesting appearance. On some of them two hundred *traineaux* are to be seen at once, passing and repassing over the snow. The effect is very picturesque—some being drawn by horses, some by mules, some by oxen, and some literally by cows. The mountain scenery is magnificent and sublime. The vallies are beautiful, being cultivated like a garden. The lakes are literally fringed with cultivated country. There are sixty glaciers, nearly all at least 6,000 feet above the sea. The largest above Chamouni, is two or three miles wide—frozen in waves—so that it is difficult to walk, and to fall down the chasms between them is dangerous, and sometimes fatal. Some years ago, a guide when out alone, fell down a chasm, and not returning at night, the entire neighborhood went in search of him with torches. An English gentleman, with the generosity so characteristic of his nation, offered a reward of one hundred guineas to any one who would find the guide and restore him to his family. He was found, saved, and the reward paid. Wheat, corn, rye and the vine are cultivated in Switzerland. The small proprietors have no wine presses—but a vat with a hole at the bottom, and boys get in and jump about until they are covered with grape juice,—which thus pressed out runs through the hole at the bottom. The Swiss send their cattle to little plateaux of grass up the mountains for three months during the summer, and during that time they live in little *chalets* or huts, near the cattle, where they make butter and cheese, and send their products of the dairy down the mountains every few days. The mountains are named from these *plateaux*, and the word "Alp" means a grassy place. The cattle, herdsmen, and their families come down the mountains in the month of September. The manufactures are but trifling—chiefly watches and clocks—a little silk. The Protestant Cantons have a good school system—but the Catholic Cantons are much behind. There are three Universities. In Literature, Switzerland has not produced many great men—but few as compared with Holland. Two-thirds of the people are Protestant, and one third Catholic. There are fourteen Protestant Cantons and eight Catholic. In all the Protestant Cantons there are many Catholics, but in two Catholic Cantons only are there many Protestants, while in the other six there are next to none. Geneva has 30,000 inhabitants, and its environs have 30,000 more. It is situated at the mouth of the Rhone, and is one of the most delightful spots in the world. (The lecturer pointed to a superb view of Geneva, suspended against the wall.) In the church of St. Peter, Calvin preached. It is singular that the summit of Mount Blanc, viewed from one position near Geneva, presents, in outline, the portrait of Bonaparte. The lecturer pointed out the places where Voltaire, Sismondi, Madame De Stael, D'Aubigne, Lord Byron, and other great persons had resided. Voltaire used to shake his wig from his residence, against Geneva, until the powder flew out, denouncing it as the city of Calvin. Basle was the residence of Erasmus. Zurich had 30,000 and Lucerne 6,000 people. Constance has been very insignificant since the Council of Constance. It looks as if the curse of Heaven had rested on it—and it is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that John Huss and Jerome of Prague were burnt there. The Government of each Canton was described—and the Diet, or General Assembly of members, as held at Berne or other cities. They vote by Cantons and there are 22 votes. The general Diet has but little power, but it declares war or makes peace. The late civil war was owing to Lucerne having introduced Jesuits. Lucerne had a right to do so. The Diet opposed it, and hence the war. The Radical party are trying to get the power.—The Radicals of Lucerne tried to overpower the Government, which in introducing the Jesuits to educate youth, inculcated principles opposed to the progress of the age. The general Diet ordered Lucerne to expel the Jesuits. Seven of the Catholic Cantons formed a Sunderbund (union) to resist the Diet. The Diet assembled 26,000 men, and enforced their decree. But in truth it was not so much an affair of religion, as between the aristocracy and the masses. A disease called the *goitre* (swelling of the neck) is common in Switzerland, and in the deep mountain vallies there are many idiots and many dwarfs. The Swiss are famous for going as soldiers into foreign service—many go to France, and there are 12,000 in the armies of the Pope and the King of Naples.

France is now divided into eighty-three Departments—formerly into thirty-six Provinces, and the French now speak of the Provinces continually. Thus "I am going into Provence, into Languedoc or Champagne." Champagne is the Province whence comes the champagne wine to this country, but there is a great deal here which does not come. The mountain ranges of the Alps, Pyrenees, Cevennes, Auvergne, &c., were pointed out on the map, nearly all in the South. Brittany is hilly, but most of the North was in plains and undulating country. France is drained by five important rivers, all navigable for steamboats, of which there are about two hundred. Bonaparte made excellent roads in his day. The English complain of them, but the lecturer heartily wished that we had such roads in this country. All kinds of grain, including Indian corn—fruits, and particularly the olive and vine were cultivated in the southern parts of France. A vineyard was described—the vines climbing poles only a few feet high, and being cut down nearly to the ground every year. They were planted four or five feet apart, like corn hills, and the vines lasted about fifteen years when they were dug up. The vintage was a time of frolic—too much so. The country people live mostly in villages, which have an old and disagreeable appearance. There are no stone walls, no fences on the farms, and those who keep cattle are obliged to look after them. There are as many women as men working in the fields, and they work as hard or harder than slaves in the South. There is no work that men do in agriculture, that women do not also do; and in the South of France, women had been seen to assist in hauling, in company with a donkey. So it is said in a Report of the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, but he hoped and believed that such degradations are rare. The peasantry are sun-burnt and rough. We are apt to judge the French from those who live in cities—and they are a frisky sort of people certainly—but that is not the criterion by which to judge the whole nation. The peasantry are simple-hearted and kind. France excels in manufactures, but her agriculture is very antiquated. She excels more in the ornamental than the useful. Education, except among the better classes, is backward. The masses are extremely ignorant. It was not until 1830 that they had a school system, and for that they are indebted to Guizot, the late Minister to Louis Philippe. Great numbers cannot read. Of a division of the army of 80,000 men, more than half, according to the Moniteur, could not read. Dr. B. was convinced that not half could read and write. Nevertheless, France had produced a good many eminent men—especially in Literature, and her Universities are famous. The French are descended from the Celtic tribes, which inhabited France when the Romans conquered that country. They resemble the Irish in some particulars. The talent and genius of the French rank high, and very justly so.—France has an army of 500,000 men, besides which there are several millions of National Guards, who are always more or less under arms. She could bring from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 of men into the field. In fact, it required all Europe to conquer France, even after Napoleon had exhausted apparently the military resources of the country. With regard to the navy, it is not to be compared with that of England. In 1789, the population of France was only 28,500,000. It is now 36,500,000. The national religion is the Roman Catholic, but really in the large cities, people seem to think but very little of religion at all. There are, however, 1,500,000 of Protestants. The late and present Governments were described by the lecturer; also the manner of debating in the Assembly. It is much less formal than with us. Members do not address the Speaker, and say, "Sir, Sir," at every sentence, by way often of filling up where they have nothing else to say; but they address the Assembly "*Messieurs*" (*Gentlemen*.) It was a treat to hear Guizot speak. He was called the "Genevese Minister." He was a short man, and pale. At times he could be very severe. He once said to an opponent, "You cannot rise to the height of my contempt." For eight years he carried on the Government of Louis Philippe, and he did what no other man could have done. He did not want popular bases for the institutions of France, because he was afraid of the masses.—Thiers is a little man, also a homely man, wearing spectacles, the glasses of which are each of the size of a dollar. Years ago, he came to Paris with only fifteen Francs in his pocket. His voice is like that of the late John Randolph. He is a man of great talents, but it might be feared that he is unprincipled and immoral; and it is certainly difficult for an immoral man to be a good statesman. Lamartine was described as an ardent and rapid speaker. Odillon Barrot is a plain man and a fine speaker. Cavaignac is a man of ability, as is well known;—his father was a regicide. He is an honest and simple-hearted republican. Lamoriciere is a superior man. Changarnier is a General of ability; and on the above three men much depends. Louis Napoleon—the lecturer had not seen him—but in France, although he is not considered a great man, yet he is a man of good sense and amiable. Indeed he must have talent, or he could not govern the country as he has done. He is certainly underrated, both in England and the United States. It was mainly the *prestige* of his name that led to his election; and in this the French threw down the gauntlet to the Allies. Louis Napoleon has been heard to say;—"France has yet got to make her political education." It is a capital thing that universal suffrage has been introduced, because the people now having the power, will not give it up. To show the power of the Bonaparte name, it should be mentioned that in the last election, a clergyman received in one of the Districts at least 12,000 votes, because his first name was Napoleon. Berryer is the first speaker in France. *Molé* is also a very eminent man. Among the cities noticed, was Avignon, where the Popes resided for seventy years, during what they called the "Babylonish Captivity," and here is a relic of the Inquisition—an old dungeon, on the walls of which may even now be seen cut in stone, affecting inscriptions by the prisoners, such as: "How long, oh, Lord?" &c., before they were burnt at the stake. These were truly affecting. Lyons, Rheims, Dijon, Strasburg, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Rouen, and all the chief cities were noticed—but all these must bow to Paris. When a Frenchman has seen Paris, he thinks he has seen all the world. This great capital is surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, not for the purposes of fortification, but to force people to go through the gates, and pay the *octroi*, or town dues for their produce. The fortifications were described. Paris is built of stone, taken from quarries beneath the Southern part of the city, in which columns were left to support the superincumbent earth, and these caverns have since been the depositaries of human bones from the cemeteries. They are now called the catacombs. Over the entrance was lately to be seen the infidel inscription of the first Revolution: "Death is an Eternal Sleep!" St. Denis, six miles from Paris, is the Westminster Abbey of France, in which many of her kings are buried. The population of Paris is about 1,000,000. The ancient town on an island in the Seine, was called by the Romans "Lutitia Parisii," (mud town of the Parisians.)—The Churches, Palaces, the Morgue, (place for exposing dead bodies that are found, for recognition), the Prisons, Garden of Plants, where Cuvier lived, and taught the Natural Sciences, the Pantheon, Polytechnic School (military) with 500 students, the Medical Law Schools, the Sorbonne, Luxembourg, Garden of Louis Blanc—Observatory, where Arago is to be found—the Institutes, Mint, Chamber of Deputies—Hotel of the Invalides, with 7,000 old soldiers and officers, where the coffin of Napoleon is to be seen—the Military School, Champ de Mars, Tuilleries, Louvre, Gallery of Painting, Place d'Armes, Place de la Revolution, with an obelisk brought from Egypt in the centre—the place where the guillotine was erected in the first Revolution, and where the father of Louis Philippe and Louis XVI. were both beheaded, were all pointed out on a superb semi-pictorial plan, by Dr. B. Also the main streets of Paris, and the spots where the chief scenes and events of the recent revolution occurred, and particularly of the dreadful outbreak of June last—were all made familiar to the audience. The lecturer described Paris as the most attractive city in the world.—Every thing can be found there that the world produces, whether in eating and drinking, in music, in dancing, of which there is too much, in literature, science, in operas, theatres—and in fact many things which the world ought not to produce.—There are many religious persons there—and Dr. B. became acquainted with a small but exemplary body of Protestants. Yet if we observed how the Parisians spent their Sabbath, we should think that there was no religion at all;—indeed, a great part of the people lived as if there could be no future state. The ways down to hell are as abundant in Paris as in any city in the world—from those of the lowest sensuality, up to the highest refinements of vice. Yet the people are a polite and elegant people. Look at their soirees—visitors go at 9 o'clock and leave at 11. The refreshments are very simple, such as tea, lemonade, fruit, &c. The Parisians do not, as in New York, have heavy and expensive oyster and other suppers, and not leave until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. The lecturer did not know how these things were managed in Philadelphia, but he hoped that we were in a more advanced and refined state in this particular than in Gotham.

A Frenchman asked the lecturer,—"must you have a heavy supper to keep the people together? Are you such animals there?" There is no wine at these soirees—lemonade, *eau sucré*, coffee, &c. But the French know how to talk. They know what to do with their hands, and some people do not. In conversation they talk well. It is really a treat to see a French Soiree. Your name is called on the stairs, which is an introduction. You talk to the gentleman and lady of the house for a minute or two, and then you make your way with the guests. Here, we did not know how to entertain company. The lecturer would not like to hear a foreigner say so, but he (Dr. B.) would say:—"We are a rude people in many respects, and we have much to learn." France is the most refined of irreligious nations, but even there we did not hear the awful imprecations that are used by the Americans and the English. Nay, even little boys, the children of an American friend in Paris, were called after in the street—"Voila! Voila! le petit G— d—." English and Americans are called Monsieur Rosbif—Biftake—Jean Bull—but more frequently by the other opprobrious term. A French nurse, showing a child to some friends, exclaimed—"Voila! Voila! le petit G— d—." (See here the little Englishman.)

Clippings.

☞ Jenny Lind retires from the stage, with a fortune of from eighty to a hundred thousand pounds.

☞ The sister-in-law of the editor of the West Chester Republican sends home from California, in a letter, two ounces of the genuine gold dust. Her husband had been at the mines and acquired a considerable quantity of the dust. She was earning $20 a week by sewing.

☞ Why was Eve, before the fall, like a good old-fashioned Orthodox clergyman? Because she was Eve-angelic.

☞ Jenny Lind is not married, according to the London Sun of the 20th ult., which says the story that originated in a Bath paper is entirely false.

☞ The Irish papers announce that Professor Glukman is engaged in the construction of a photographic apparatus, by which, with the aid of Lord Rosse's monster telescope, it is hoped that delineations of the most distant planetary arrangements and movements may be obtained.

☞ Since 1789, all the revolutions in France have taken place under Popes of the name of Pius. Louis XVI. was dethroned under Pius VI., the Directory was overturned under Pius VI., Napoleon fell under Pius VII.; Charles X. under Pius VIII., and Louis Philippe under Pius IX.

☞ An order issued by the authorities of Vienna, forbids any person from wearing red clothes of any kind; and any one who may display a red neck cloth or red ribbons, will be immediately seized and tried by a court martial.

☞ Judson, commonly called Ned Buntline, editor of a New York paper named "Ned Buntline's Own," was arrested by the police for inciting the mob to riot during the disturbances of Thursday week.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish

[illegible]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TERRIBLE RIOT.

[illegible]

REFORM IN THE NAVY.

[illegible]

ETHER AND CHLOROFORM

[illegible]

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible]

LITTLE LEHIGH.

ANECDOTES.

A MARE'S NEST.

FALSE DOCTRINE.

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

SAVAGERY.

THE CHOLERA.

THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

NEWSPAPERS.

THE ACADEMY.

VERDICT OF CORONER'S JURY

THE USURY LAWS.

THE METHODIST PREACHER.

ATTENTION.

Political Intelligence

[illegible]

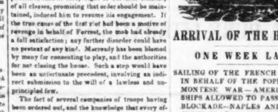
Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

New York, May 15, 1849.

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.



ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

ONE WEEK LATER.

[illegible]

REBUS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856.

A COMMUNITY EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Cabet, one of the French Socialists, publishes in the St. Louis Republican, a statement of the operations and plans of the Icarians at Nauvoo, from which we take the following:

As the director and gerant of the Society, I have purchased in my own name, for the Society, the temple, the arsenal, and eleven acres of land surrounding them. In the second we have established our first work-shops for carpenters, tanners, carpenters, coopers and smiths. We have also in use their building excellent work shops for lathes and shoemakers. Besides which they have a steam-boiling on the banks of the Mississippi; a foundry, and we shall have another in a few days, a saw mill, and a distillery, and also our engineers. We have carted farms and land where we can dig coal. We have purchased horses, and shall soon have all the other cattle necessary. We have our butchery and bakery. As for the temple, which was burned down, we have already put the roof on it, and nothing our intention is to re-establish it if we find the support necessary to warrant such an operation. We shall undertake it in two months. We have also the roof by a tenant from which will be seen one of the finest views of the Mississippi and of the city. In my two farms our cattery, with kitchens for our thousand persons, a school for our children, a workroom, our arsenal, our library, our assembly-room, and our hall for meetings. We have also a dwelling for each family. A bachelors' garden and a farm for each one of the four acres of ground which surround the temple.

Respecting the number of our members and organization, at present I will only say that it is a com-mencement of organization. We have 500 persons in Education and on labor; we are Republicans and Democrats, Protestants and Catholics, and our unity is due to our principles and to our organization. Our religion is Christianity in its primitive form, and consists in the commandment to love thy neighbor as thyself." We are the friends and the brothers of all men. The only object of our union is to enrich ourselves at the expense of any, but to create and to increase the wealth of all by means our interests with those of our neighbors, by giving increased activity to industry, agriculture and commerce. We are determined not to interfere in any manner with the political questions which divide the public mind in America. While we remain in the country we shall submit to the laws and to the authorities, and we shall be faithful to our country. And if I say to one brother, come! many a one will answer, will certainly be disposed to answer my call.

We are perfectly willing—aye, rather desirous—that those persons who have not sufficient confidence in our fair trial of their plan, if they can prove that men can succeed better by isolation or competition, the present ones of towns, states and nations—better not only as relates to more pecuniary prosperity, but in the respect of more happiness and social virtue—it will be that much gained to the world. If, as we believe, a more perfect system of society, proving exactly the reverse, it will be something gained to the business and other similar dreamers, and then also be infinitely an advantage to mankind.

THE MUSEUM.

The Museum, in Chestnut Hall, is a pleasing fact in public favor. The performances are in accordance therewith as thoroughly as possible. We were present on the other evening and saw the tests of "The Headless Horseman," one of the best things in the line of "spirit" we have seen. The audience was large and respectable.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 320—adults 68, and children 96.

Religious News.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

Last week was Anniversary week in New York. We give the following summary of the meetings, which we take from the Evening Post, and which was interesting that usual.

The American Tract Society held its 34th Anniversary at the the Broadway Tabernacle. Hon. Chief Justice Williams presiding.

From the Report, presented by the Society had circulated, during the year, 734,644 volumes, 1,701,000 publications, and 1,000,000 pages, making approximately the last year, 47,709,645 pages.

The receipts of the year, from donations, had been $53,981; and for sales, $104,815. The amount paid out for paper, printing, binding, engraving, stereotyping, &c., was $78,796; for salaries, $13,763; for colportage, $6 $150 a year, $18,150; for distribution, $3,000; for rent, $1,000; total, $115,709.

The Society have employed, the last year, 186 colporteurs; and in Old College and Seminary students of ten different denominations, during their vacations.)

The colporteurs have visited 141,971 families; conversed on personal religion as prayed with 110,617 families; distributed 1,701,000 books and tracts, and 377,000 religious books, and gave to the destitute 49,812, besides 19,214 Bibles and Testaments.

The foreign distributions for the amount of $17,953, in the hands of the Society's agents and agents of other Societies, of various denominations, in Germany, France, Spain, Italy, the Sandwich Islands, and other regions sending the aid of Christian philanthropy.

The American Sunday School Union held its 31st Anniversary on Wednesday evening. From the Report it appears that the Society has established 1,000 Sabbath schools, containing 70,000 scholars, and 7,000 teachers, and has given gratuitously the last year, 47,709,645 pages.

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The receipts of the year were $115,707,—exceeding those of the preceding year by $5,728.

During the twenty-three years' labor, the Society has been the means of planting and watering all the great lines of emigration and trade, in the West, and has established 6,000 schools in those points.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary and Sunday-school Society of Missions in Asia, China, South America, Oregon, and among the Indian tribes, and the Chinese in this city, and other immigrant and destitute populaces of our country. The receipts of the year were $78,124, and $83,645. The expenditures to $120,710. The Society was eloquently addressed by Rev. Dr. Durbin, Mr. Lane and others.

It was stated that a young lady at eighteen, attended, had contributed $1,000 to the funds of the Society.

The Seamen's Friend Society held its 21st Anniversary at the Mariner's Church, Cherry-street. An excellent and appropriate address to the sea-men" of Capt. Robertson, of this city, closing a previous sermon to seamen. The receipts of the Society, during the year, have been $20,000, and the expenditures, $18,000. Many cases of the encouraging conversion of seamen were mentioned.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions held, on Monday of session, a business meeting. The abstract of the 16th Report was read, stating that, during the past year, the receipts have been $174,000,—exceeding those of the year by various and opaque publications the Board have issued 24,700 pages during the year, have sent out 31 new Missionaries into their fields of labor among the Indian tribes and in Africa, India, Siam, China, Persia, and the Islands of the sea. Their Missionary preachers and teachers, besides native teachers and catechists, number 150 persons. Six have died at Missionary stations, and three are now from pressing causes actively engaged in preaching the Holy Scriptures.

The American Bible Society.—The 18th Anniversary was celebrated in Dr. Sutton's church. The Annual Report presented the following facts:

The receipts during the year, of donations, were $68,798; the expenditures $71,485. Of the expenditures $13,000 in were appropriated to foreign distributions—$10,000 for the Missions, &c., in France—$1,000 for do. in Canada—$1,000 for do. in Mexico—$500 for do. in Greece—$500 in Italy and Macedonia—$500 in New Orleans—$500 in Hayti, &c.

The annual address of the Rev. Dr. Cox, upon "what are believed to be the errors of the Church of Rome, in matters of faith, and the tendency of these to enslave and spread among Roman Catholics the doctrine and a power hurtful of Christianity." The address was an elaborate one, and was listened to with much attention by the American Protestant Society, and by the Association of Foreign Christian Union.

Sixteen new and donations of Capital Free Scholarships were made by Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, Hamilton Fish, of New York, and Mr. W. L. Elder, of Philadelphia. $6,30 Dollars was received yesterday.

New York State Colonization Society.—The twenty-first annual meeting of the American Colonization Society, for the past, was held in this city, while the total receipts of the Parent Society for the year amounted to $30,000.

Under the auspices of the Society, nine vessels with 950 emigrants, have sailed for Liberia. Of these more than 100 were Christian converts, men of various denominations; 7 were preachers of the Gospel, and more than 50 had purchased their freedom by extra industry, at a cost of over $20,000; and 180 or one vessel had learned to write a decent hand, while upward of 300 had been tolerably enumerated by their owners.

Gratuitous mention was made in the Report of the favor shown to the new born Republic of Liberia, and of the honorable manner in which President Roberts has been received in this country and in Europe.

Mr. Finney read a recent communication from Rev. Mr. McLane, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, dated at Savannah, giving gratifying intelligence of the progress of Colonization at the South, and making particular mention of a late emigration of some 200 blacks from that port for Liberia, in a vessel chartered for the purpose. Of this number, 80 were purchased or Religion, 3 were preachers, 121 could read, 30 could write, and 24 purchased their freedom, at an aggregate cost of $12,700—money made by their own industry. Forty seven have been emancipated to go to Liberia; and most of these have been manumitted for the purpose of going, that they might go to join their parents, families and friends. One was a blacksmith, paid $1,500 for himself, and $500 for his wife—and yet there has been but little or no active labors of these noble efforts for Freedom!

American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.—The Report stated that the National Era had risen to 25, the most signal success, and had refunded to the Society, with interest, the advances made to defray the expenses of its establishment at Washington.

Henry Bibb, a fugitive slave from Kentucky, was then introduced, and made a speech on the slave question, and on supplying the slave with the Bible. After speeches from Mr. Leavitt and Rev. Mr. Ward, the meeting adjourned.

The American Tract Society.—The anniversary was large, W. L. Garrison in the Chair. The Annual Report was presented by Francis Jackson, showing the receipts of the Society for the year to be $6,922.21, and the expenditures $6,877.21, leaving a balance in favor of the Society of $45.00. The Treasurer, Mr. Ellis, reported a total of $7,317.169 copies.

Twenty agents have been employed the whole year, and seven for a part of it, collecting funds. Annual examination shows that some of the oldest Free Churches of the land have originated since anti-sappline have been effected since, twice and even three, in the course of the past twenty years persons who by the existence which the slave-system have recently come to light, where one is found making it a matter of conscience.

They are to be white inhabitants of the State of New York—male citizens of the age of 21 years and upwards, who have resided in such county for one year next preceding the election, and must be actually resident therein at the time of such election.

Every agent who has been employed the whole year, and seven for a part of it, collecting funds. Annual examination shows that some of the oldest Free Churches of the land have originated since anti-sappline have been effected since, twice and even three, in the course of the past twenty years persons who by the existence which the slave-system have recently come to light, where one is found making it a matter of conscience.

Mr. Sayres has selected five persons in New York city to select a jury to serve during the year in the city. These Judges are Isaac T. Hopper, Lucretia Mott, William Kinney, George Fenton and John Cochran.

The Gold Pen Business.—The great extent of this business was exhibited on a trial in the Supreme Court, Buffalo, on Saturday last, which was the case of Alvert S. Bagley against Gerrit Smith and Edgar W. Smith, in which the plaintiff sued for a gold pen maker, sought to recover from the defendants for the latter's alleged violation of the breach of partnership agreement. It appeared that during his absence from the city, they published a statement that the business was a failure, and that only eighteen months of the three years, to which the contract extended, remained to run. They, therefore, now sought to recover $18,000, or $1,000 a month, the profits they had expected to make in the business. It was shown that in carrying the first three months, the profits amounted to $1,000 per month. The claim was, that Bagley by his first violated the contract, by using the gold pens of the firm, and by his failure to pay the money due to the firm for pens consumable. The jury, however, after a prolonged trial, gave a verdict for the plaintiff for $1,000.

Washington Monument.—It is the intention of the Board of Managers, to have, as far as practicable, a specimen of the marble or granite of each State in the Monument, and the name of the State upon which it is placed. Should any one of the States be disposed to furnish stones, they must be of the following dimensions, viz.: four feet long, two feet wide, and one foot thick, and be marked with a front bevel of a quarter of an inch to the foot, on the face of the stone. It is desirable that in cutting

Selected Poetry.

FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid the earthly damps,
What seem to be but dim funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affections—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air!
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not in a cloud of dust, we again behold her,
For, with rejoicing wild,
In our embrace we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anger long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay,
By acquiescing, and by resigning,
The grief that must have way.

Life on the Frontier.

THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

that little examination was made of the house. We gathered them together to carry them home to his family, and in doing this I noticed the fracture of a bullet through the back of the skull. It had been stripped bare of flesh, and both eyes plucked out by the birds, and the ears eaten off before I made the examination. But what puzzled all parties most was the discovery, a short distance off, of the trail of a dead horse. Now, there was perhaps not a horse in Shelby county that were shoes, and certainly not one in the county. Horses are never charged by, only unnecessary where there are no stones.—This was as perfect a puzzle as ever. Henry's story, and these were a greater sort of inexplicability around the affair! It was thought that this track might be traced to any distance but after marrying about 10 or several days, it was given up in despair, and the Regulators, fatigued and disheartened, scattered for their respective homes.

But one of their number never reached his. Being accused for two days there was a general turnout to look for him, and as he had been the case with Stone, his body was found torn to pieces by the wolves. The report was, that he, too, was shot through the back of the head.

These murders and the singular circumstances accompanying them, created great sensation. Hunt and he troops scoured the country in every direction, scouting and ferreting suspicious persons, as they called them. One poor inoffensive fellow they hung and cut down four or five times, to make him confess; but nothing was elicited, and they left him with hardly a speck of life.

That evening as they were returning to their head-quarters at the store, one of them, named Wymer, missed a portion of his horse equipments, which had become accidentally detached. He said he had observed it in the place a mile back—that he would return he get it, and rejoin them at the store, by the time they should be ready to commence the supper that had determined on giving into that night! He left them, and never returned. They soon got drunk and did not particularly notice his absence, until some time the next day, when his family, alarmed by the return of his horse with an empty saddle, sent to inquire after him. It was not to be a quiries had come to be so significant at last, that they soon instantly scattered, and returned no more back on their trail. Very soon a swarm of buzzards and wolves, near a line of thicket ahead, designated the whereabouts of the object of their search; and there they found his fleshless bones scattered on every side. They were appalled. The reddest-blooded client among them blanched! It was terrible! They seemed to be fascinated! Those of their number dead and torn in pieces within ten days, and yet not the slightest clue to the talent, nor any sensible fear, but their ghostly curse of Henry's, and the tracks which only served to terrify into them! It must be some fiend supernatural, vacations at their hideous course. They shivered, while the great drops started from their foreheads, and without thinking of the trail, or even gathering up the bones, they started back at full speed, spreading the alarm everywhere. The excitement now became intense and unbearable. Nearly the whole country turned out for the purpose of some saying on the common mystery, and the report from frenzy was in no small degree heightened by the report, that this man had been shot in the same way as the others—the BACK OF THE HEAD!

These incidents were all so unaccountable, that I even I had an little sympathy with the popular association of a supernatural agency in their perpetration. Henry laughed at all this, but insisted that it was a master, and to account for the precise fealty of his escapes and whole management, we must many and lines of the proverbial cunning of madmen—the wildest, most absurd, and incredible stories were now afloat among the people concerning this deadly and subtle foe of the Regulators but it was now universally believed and remarked, that it was against them alone that his enmity was directed. The story of Henry was greatly improved upon and added to, and, as some expert had it, that McAdams—as others, the Southern Stone, was exactly half-and-on places at the same time—now on foot, skulking with enormous circular arrows many upon glance from thicket—passing out of sight again before the observer could recover from his surprise—then mounted, his arms bare. Flying like the shadow of a summer cloud over the prairies, or beneath the earth in caverns, always haggard and lean, cannot at alone with the hair on, and that long, heavy, terrible rifle on his shoulder. It was that these man and one class of men who ventured to assert that they had actually seen with their own eyes these incredible sights, and that was among several those who, wishing the moment to strike while they were about and for their help.

They carried this thing so far as to attract attention to it, and arouse in the evening mind of Hunt the same suspicion that had occurred to Henry; and myself, namely, that all this was the result of a systematically-arranged and diabolical conspiracy at the case, headed by some man of peculiar penetration and consummate skill, with the object of exterminating or the purpose of the Regulators. It seemed impossible, that, without collusion with many others, the desperate deeds that have been done to be baffle all pursuit. Hunt and his band had been thoroughly cooled and aged; but the moment that idea occurred to them, the whole mystery of their hose fears was escape misfortune.

Here was something tangible, these open and visible force could easily exterminate no enemy who had achieved escape from the country by removing to secret combination and association from the bush.[1] They forthwith proclaimed war to the knife, with the whole band, and during the next week several outrages so revolting that I will not detail them, were perpetrated by them, and had different parts of the county, and the fact that, during the general tumult, nothing more was seen or heard of the mysterious Robsons, encouraged them with the belief that they had succeeded in getting rid of him through the intimidation of his confederates.

They had now been nearly a fortnight at the saddle—had glutinated themselves with vengeance, and, as they considered, broken down the dangerous conspiracy against their power; and if they had not succeeded in detecting and punishing, had at least frightened off their singular foe. They were unreclaimed, they might safely disband. That day, after they separated, one of their number, named Bowman—known as bad and savage a man as Hunt himself—was riding past a thicket, in sight of his own house, when he was shot from it. His regiment heard the gun, and seeing his horse galloping up to the house unbroken and meeting wildly, they then his horse, and found him stretched in the road before it. He was shot in the eye, and the ball passed out at the back of his head.

When Hinch heard this, he turned perfectly livid, his knees smote together, and with a horrible oath, he exclaimed—"It is Jack Long, as his name is, and G—— I come back for vengeance!" It was now perfectly plain that this was the first time that all the men had been shot through the eye, instead of in the back of the head, where the ball had passed out after entering at the temple. The other band, who had been unprofessionally mutilated for examination, and this fact had not been observed. Of course every body was satisfied now that this terrible being in one way or another was identified with Long, for the notoriety of his former mark and his present vicious skill instantly occurred to all, as sentence fell for about